DARK HORSE COMICS

$2.99

#29

# THE GOON™

by Eric Powell

DIRECT SALES

7 61568 12592 4 02911

The nameless man, the zombie priest, had come to town to build a gang from the undead. But even the undead fear...

# THE GOON™

## by Eric Powell

## colors by Dave Stewart


editor **Scott Allie** associate editor **Sierra Hahn**

designer **Amy Arendts** publisher **Mike Richardson**


Zombies provided by **Jethro and Earl Zombie Wranglerin' Inc.**
and **The Adopt-A-Zombie Foundation**


The Goon™ #29, October 2008. Published by Dark Horse Comics, Inc., 10956 SE Main Street, Milwaukie, Oregon 97222. The Goon™ © 2008 Eric Powell. The Goon™ and all related characters are trademarks of Mr. Powell. Dark Horse Comics® and the Dark Horse Logo are trademarks of Dark Horse Comics, Inc., registered in various categories and countries. All rights reserved. No portion of this publication may be reproduced or transmitted, in any form or by any means, without the express written permission of Dark Horse Comics, Inc. Names, characters, places, and incidents featured in this publication either are the figments of the author's warped and overactive imagination, or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons (living, dead, or undead), primates, events, robots, institutions, or locales, without satiric intent, is entirely coincidental. PRINTED IN CANADA

ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS AN INSANE WOMAN WHO HAD A DEAD BROTHER. IT WAS HER DEAD BROTHER WHAT DROVE HER INSANE.

MADAME ELSA'S BURLESQUE

SKINNY?

SISTER.

HOW NICE OF YOU TO COME SEE ME. I HAVEN'T QUITE FELT MYSELF LATELY.

AAAAHH!

BUT THE WOMAN DID NOT KNOW HOW HER DEAD BROTHER HAD COME TO BE HAUNTING HER.

STEWART "SKINNY" SANTINO

THIS IS IT. THE GRAVE OF THAT BOY THAT GAVE THE GOON SOME TROUBLES.

WAKE HIM UP, PRIEST.

# Norton's Pub

I'LL RIP YER HEAD OFF, YA MUTT!

YOU'D THINK HE'D LEARN NOT TO EAT SAUERKRAUT AROUND THE GOON. HE HATES THE SMELL OF SAUERKRAUT.

THERE'S NO LEARNIN' SOME PEOPLE. YOU JUST GOTTA TWIST THEIR HEADS AROUND.

WHAT THE--!

YOU KILLED MY PA!

WHAT?

YOU KILLED MY DADDY! I DIDN'T KNOWED HIM BUT I HEARD YA KILT HIM AND HIS NAME WAS MERLE AND I DIDN'T EVEN GET TO KNOWED HIM 'CAUSE OF YA!

YOU'RE BETTER OFF NOT KNOWIN' YER PAP, KID. HE WAS A PIECE OF CRAP AND DESERVED WHAT HE GOT. NOW RUN HOME TO YER MOMMA BEFORE I RING YER NECK!

I AIN'T GOT NO MOMMA! SHE DIED OF THE WHOOPIN' COUGH!

ORPHAN, HUH? I GOT JUST THE PLACE FOR YOU!

THE
McGREGG HO
FOR ILLEGIT
WAYWARD, AN
HOMICIDAL

HERE YA GO, BASTARDS. I GOT YA A DOG.

DO YOU DO TRICKS?

I CAN FART AND WHISTLE AT THE SAME TIME.

WHAP!

YOU CRAP ON THE PAPER OR IT'LL BE MORE OF THE SAME.

YOU'RE A REGULAR AT THAT BAR HE HANGS OUT AT. YOU MUST'VE HEARD SOMETHING. WHAT IS THE GOON UP TO?

I SWEAR! I SWEAR! I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN'! GOON DON'T TALK BUSINESS WHEN HE'S DRINKIN'. EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT.

RIGHT.

WICKER, THE PRIEST HAS GONE MISSING. I THINK HE MAY BE WITH OUR ENEMIES.

I WANT YOU TO GET HIM BACK. GO TO THAT BAR. BRING HIM BACK.

MRS. MCGREGG, THIS LOOKS LIKE A BOY NOW, BUT HE'S OUR DOG. HE USED TO LOOK LIKE A DOG. HIS NAME'S ROSCOE.

YOU'RE A BUNCH OF GODLESS RATS! YOUR MOTHERS DIDN'T WANT YOU! YOU'RE GONNA BURN IN HELL, THE LOT OF YOU!

THAT'S MRS. MCGREGG. SHE TALKS LIKE THAT.

MY MOMMA'S WITH THE ANGELS. SHE SAYS TELEPHONE POLES IS ROOSTIN' NESTS FOR ANGELS. MY MOMMA'S ON A TELEPHONE POLE RIGHT NOW.

CAN YOU FETCH THIS?

TAP!
TAP!
TAP!

HEY, STUPID, I SAID CAN YOU FETCH THIS?

I WANT TO BE WITH MOMMA ON THE TELEPHONE POLE.

=SIGH= YOU'RE THE WORST DOG EVER.

LOOK WHAT THE CAT JUST DRAGGED IN.

WHY CAN'T I EVER BE RIGHT BY NO DAME?

MIRNA, I GOTTA TALK TO YOU. IT'S ABOUT YOUR BROTHER. I'VE FOUND OUT A FEW THINGS.

THAT HE'S BACK? I TOLD YOU. BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN. YOU SAID IT WAS ME. IT WAS ME. IT WAS ME.

HE HAUNTS MY DREAMS. HE WON'T LEAVE ME ALONE. THE MAGIC NEVER LEFT HIM. EVEN AFTER YOU--

--YOU KILLED HIM! DAMN YOU!

I WANT THE PRIEST!!

LOOK, HE'S COME TO SEE YOU, TOO.

LET'S TAKE THIS OUTSIDE!

I KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE, SKINNY!

AND I'M GONNA FIND YOU!

LEAVE HIM ALONE! YOU'RE KILLING HIM!

HE'S ALREADY DEAD, YOU LOOPY DAME!

I DIDN'T MEAN FOR NONE OF THIS TO HAPPEN TO YOU OR YOUR BROTHER, BUT IT'S HIS FAULT! HE MADE HIS CHOICES, AND HE PAID FOR THEM!

YOU'RE WRONG! IT WAS YOU! YOU KILLED HIM! HE WAS A GOOD BOY!

YEAH, I'D SAY IT'S SAFE TO SAY MENTAL ILLNESS RUNS IN THAT SKIRT'S FAMILY.

GOON?

CONTINUED

**Before we kick off this issue's letters column, I want to send out a sincere thanks to my friend, the fancy-shmancy writer, Tom Sniegoski. When you're writing a story sometimes you know what point A and point B are, but getting point A to connect with point B can be a little difficult. To keep the monthly on track I called Tom and he helped me with the plot structure of issues # 26, 27, and 28. It may have been only ten-minute phone conversations, but it was a huge help and the issues are better for it. Thanks, Tom. You can check out his work at sniegoski.com.**

**Ok, here's letters . . .**

Just read *The Goon* #26, and what the Goon did to the werewolf was evil. While the Goon has always been a different shade of gray, he had a heart of gold. I believe he just crossed the line into black. I am disappointed that you took the character in that direction.

—John

**Strap in. I'm just getting started. While I appreciate your opinion and can understand your point of view, the Goon is a gangster. He doesn't wear a cape. Maybe you missed the part where he killed a guy when he was thirteen, murdered an innocent man in the street in the *Chinatown* graphic novel, and the various other acts of violence and murder scattered throughout the comic. Merle betrayed his friends to the man that murdered Goon's aunt and Momma Norton, and it lead to the death of Bill Mudd. If I had more than 22 pages, what Goon did to him would have been worse. So how about Michael Corleone killing Fredo? It makes *Godfather II* an amazing film and the character of Michael tragic and complicated. That was pretty evil. Anyone complaining about that? This book is silly and fun most of the time, but I plan on giving it some depth. And I'm not going to compromise who these characters are for a commercial plastic morality that will make this comic more easily digestible. There are no superheroes here . . . but we do have poop jokes.**

Dear Goon Mail or Mr. Powell,

My name is Adian McDonald. I am eleven and (I am sure you get this all the time but) your BIGGEST fan! Your artwork is a really unique style of drawing. Your character "the Goon" has to be the best comic character ever made, he sorta reminds me of Hellboy, he does his own thing, whatever he wants or pleases. I am an artist myself, I once did a drawing of one of my own characters and sold it to one of my friends. He is a comic book fiend as well as me. I don't mean to waste your time, but I have a few questions for you and comments. One, WTH does Dwight have to do with Goon, what in the heck does he do? Second, why is Franky so small? Three, why did you put that disgusting thingy on #18? Four, on #27 of *Goon* did Sam Keith do the cover art? On *Billy the Kid's Old Timey Oddities* how come you only write and do the cover art? Anyway, PLEEEEEEEEEEEEEASE put this letter in one of your comics, maybe #27? I really love your work, Mr. Powell, and think that you should NEVER stop drawing and writing *Goon,* and inking. I have an idea for a comic. It might seem stupid, but I hope not. Okay, you could make the zombie priest make Goon's aunt come back from the dead, but the only way that he can have her back is if Goon does one thing for him: kill the rest of his gang. Goon is tempted to do it, in some horrible way he is willing to sacrifice his friends to do it, but this is only a thought that Goon has. He realizes what he MUST do. He goes to the tower in cuffs and the zombie priest brings out his aunt, and he says that the only way that she can be resurrected is if Goon sacrifices himself. So, he agrees, but just after he straps Goon to a table that has very strong bars to keep him down on the table for the surprise to come very soon.

After he straps him in, he shows him his aunt, her pretty face is showing, and then she slowly turns to dust. Then the priest laughs cruelly, and leaves him to the creatures. Then Goon starts to yell no nice things at the priest, but just as the creatures are beginning to be let out of their room or whatever Franky, Charlie, Negal, and all the kids fly through the window. And start shooting and chopping up the creatures (those little nasty things) and then save Goon and that's the end, and you could put in a lot of other funny stuff. I hope you accept my offer. I might want a little profit though, just to see my name in the comic and my story, and maybe just a little money, maybe two or three hundred dollars. That's all, and the two or three hundred would be just to buy your products. Oh, and have you ever met Mike Allred, Mike Mignola, or Joe Kubert? Anyway, I hope you make my dreams come true.

Your biggest fan and your new manager,
Adian McDonald

P.S. I am not a girl, my name may seem girly, but I am a boy.

**Hello, Adian. Sorry, I'm not looking for a manager unless you look like a young Burgess Meredith and can teach me to chase a chicken and fight southpaw. To answer your questions . . .**

**1. Long story, but . . . Dwight T. Albatross was a fictional character I created when I was self-publishing. A fake publisher that I could use as a pseudonym so I could write some crazy stuff in the letters column. I had a friend pose for photos of Dwight to run in the comic to make it seem more real. I called my company Albatross Exploding Funny Books because I'm a huge Monty Python fan and I wanted something reminiscent of *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. I wanted my company to start with an A so it would be closer to the front of the Diamond catalog. I used Albatross because it was an animal name and I'm an Iron Maiden fan. Maiden fans will get the reference. When I moved to Dark Horse I kept the gag going in the letters column but it ran its course with the *Goon Noir* comic and I'm not using the Dwight character anymore. So to answer your question . . . nothing.**

**2. Why is Franky small? Hmmm. I think it's probably because his mother smoked and drank when she was pregnant. So let that be a lesson to you, Adian. If you knock up a classmate, don't let her drink and smoke. That's why I support abstinence teachings in the classroom. Kids love to drink and smoke.**

**3. I'm not sure what disgusting thingy you mean. There are lots of disgusting thingys in this comic.**

**4. Nope, not Sam Keith. That was the amazing Gris Grimly. Look up his work at madcreator.com.**

**5. I only wrote *Billy the Kid's Old Timey Oddities* because Kyle Hotz and I created it together specifically for a project that I would write and he would draw. We really want to get back to it someday and already have a couple of story ideas we want to do. Hopefully we can make that happen. Kyle and I both think that world has a lot that can be done with it.**

**And thanks for the great story suggestion, but I'm afraid it wouldn't work. See, if the priest brought Aunt Kizzie back, she would be a flesh-eating zombie. Goon wouldn't like that.**

Dear Mr. Powell,

I have a proposition for you. I work at a porn store in Phoenix, Arizona. And, being a huge fan of your work, I can see you are indeed an admirer of adult-related material. I have access to massive amounts of good ol' American porn, just like Mom used to make . . . errr . . . no, scratch that last line. Now then, I would be willing to trade you said porn for, say, a nice piece of art? This could be a nice bargain for us both. You get hours and hours of humping at your disposal and I get a pretty picture to hang on my wall! Upon your agreement, I will send you a self-addressed stamped envelope along with the abovementioned "Adult Entertainment" from such classic genres as "Kinky Fetishes," "Nonstop Sex," "Hooters" (Franky would be in Heaven), and "Gonzo," just to name a few.

I will also include as a bonus (that's bonus, not bone us) some free lube. After all, we would not

want anything to happen to your hand while enjoying the filth. Your box of goodies will be sent within the week.

Thank you,
Chris Reapp

P.S. KNIFE TO THE EYE!

**Gonzo? Like from the muppets? They make muppet porn? That I gotta see just as a conversation starter. I'll doodle something on a napkin for that. But what's the kinky fetishes thing? I saw *Real Sex* on the HBO and I don't know if I want any of that fetish stuff. Chunky women dressing like horses and getting whipped, and overweight grown men dressing like babies and crapping their pants. That's some creepy stuff. I don't want anything clamped on my nipples. And nonstop sex sounds tiresome to me. I love ice cream. Doesn't mean I want to eat it all day. Wouldn't your nether regions get sore?**

**And speaking of crapping your pants, ice cream, and nipple clamping . . . I just got back from San Diego Comic-Con. Check out this Goon fan next to the teaser poster.**

**Poster art by concept artist Sean McNally of Blur.**

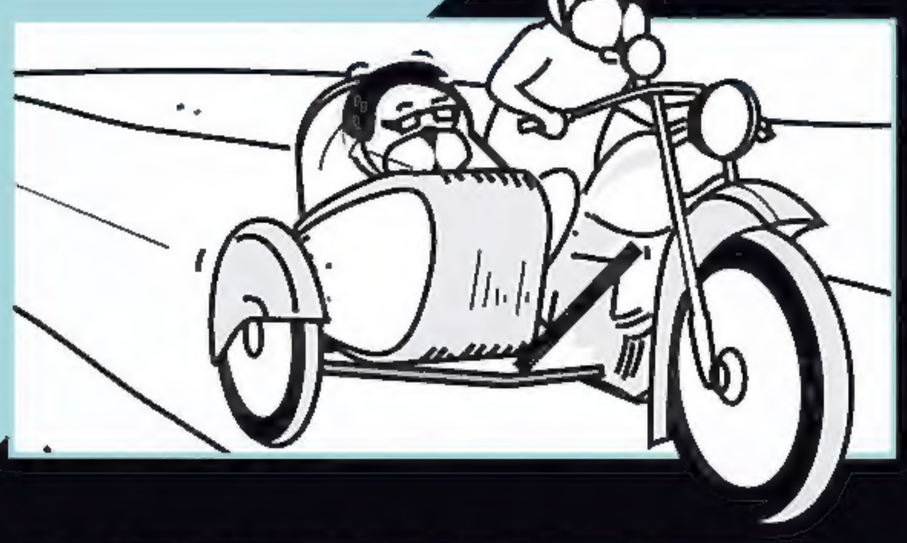
**Oh, yeah, and the creative team of *The Goon* picked up some Eisner awards. It's no big deal . . . people say it's the most coveted award in comics, but you know, whatever . . . BOOYAH!**

**—Eric Powell**

# DISCOVER DARK HORSE POWER

## OCTOBER 2008

SEPTEMBER 2008



**A STRANGE THING HAPPENED THE OTHER DAY . . .** I was sitting in front of my computer, minding my own business, reading webcomics. I had a smile on my face and a bounce in my knee. All was right with the world. Suddenly, out of nowhere, three old men burst into my office. "What in tarnation are you doin'!" bellowed the one that looked like an old-timey prospector.

"Look at him! Wasting his time on that television-typewriter! He's just a procrastinator!" growled the old-age pensioner in a fishing cap. "In my day we didn't have time for e-lec-tronic, tube-delivered tomfoolery such as this! When we had work to do we did it! We didn't fart around on the internets readin' comical strips!" spit the third angry grandpa as he poked me with his cane.

"What's your problem?" I shot back. "How'd you get in my office?!"

"You're wasting your time with those webcomics, young feller. They ain't nothing but useless distraction, keeping you from being a productive member of society," said old-time prospector. "You don't know what you're talking about," I responded.

"Why I'll teach you some respect—" mumbled angry grandpa as he swung his cane at my head. I ducked as the old man in the fishing cap caught the cane just before it connected. "Well, how 'bout you explain it to us, sonny?" fishing cap said in a mocking tone.

"All right," I said, sitting up again. "I will." A few clicks of the mouse later I was at achewood.com. "Look here . . . This is the *Great Outdoor Fight* story arc on achewood.com." "Those look like *kitties!*" angry grandpa giggled.

"That's because they are," I said. "But don't let that fool you. Chris Onstad's story of three days, three acres, and three thousand men will teach you about the true meaning of friendship. Not to mention that *Achewood* was named time.com's top graphic novel of 2007."

"Okay, whipper-snapper, but that's only one! What else ya got?" questioned old-time prospector. "How about this one here," I said, clicking the link to slowwave.com. "This is a strip by Jesse Reklaw where he translates people's dreams into four panels of comics goodness!"

"There ain't nothing interesting about hearing other people's dreams!" admonished angry cane grandpa, smacking me upside the head. "Now hold on there a minute," old-time prospector interjected. "I find the study of the human subconscious through the interpretation of REM sleep to be a right fascinating subject!"

"Yeah, what he said," I replied, rubbing the welt on my scalp. "And there's also David Malki's *Wondermark*, Mitch Clem's *Nothing Nice to Say*, Scott Meyer's *Basic Instructions*, not to mention Nicholas Gurewitch's *Perry Bible Fellowship*. They're all just plain hilarious!" "I do like me a laugh now and again," cane grandpa whispered.

Then the three men became silent and a sadness washed over them. "What's wrong?" I questioned.

"We don't know how to use the Internet . . ." fishing cap said with a quiver in his voice.

"NO PROBLEM!" I shouted, almost killing angry cane grandpa. "Dark Horse has all these webcomics in good old-fashioned book form!" I got up and took copies of *Achewood: The Great Outdoor Fight*, *The Night of Your Life: A Slow Wave Collection*, and *The Perry Bible Fellowship Almanack* off my bookshelf and handed them to the elderly gentlemen. "Take these and enjoy them," I said showing them gently out of my office.

"How can we thank you?" said fishing cap as the three looked at me apologetically.

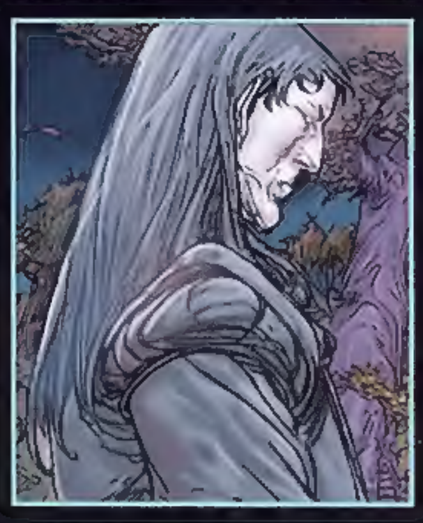
"Just don't be so quick to judge next time," I said with a smile. The three men then turned and walked away.

I smiled to myself as I closed my office door, locked it, and went back to wasting my time reading webcomics on the internet.

Dave Land

Editor

## DARK HORSE HEROES



**Solomon Kane** relaxes by taking lengthy walks in the woods. Alone. (He has no friends. It's sad.) When pressed for info on his ideal death, Kane believes there are misconceptions about how he'd like to go out—some might say in battle, but he says at peace. (Dirty hippie.)

Dark Horse employee **Matt Dryer** celebrates six years with the company! Yay, Matt! A lover of the comics medium, he enjoys the "delicate balance of the art and the writing." He is also a fan of scrambled eggs—preferably partnered with some bacon. Mmm . . . bacon . . .

DARK HORSE COMICS

Mike Richardson **President and Publisher** • Neil Hankerson **Executive Vice President** • Tom Weddle **Chief Financial Officer** • Randy Stradley **Vice President of Publishing** • Michael Martens **Vice President of Business Development** • Anita Nelson **Vice President of Marketing, Sales, and Licensing** • David Scroggy **Vice President of Product Development** • Dale LaFountain **Vice President of Information Technology** • Darlene Vogel **Director of Purchasing** • Ken Lizzi **General Counsel** • Davey Estrada **Editorial Director** • Scott Allie **Senior Managing Editor** • Chris Warner **Senior Books Editor, Dark Horse Books** • Rob Simpson **Senior Books Editor, M Press/DH Press** • Diana Schutz **Executive Editor** • Cary Grazzini **Director of Design and Production** • Lia Ribacchi **Art Director** • Cara Niece **Director of Scheduling** • **Editorial:** Rachel Edidin, Tim Ervin, Shawna Gore, Annie Gullion, Sierra Hahn, Carl Horn, Jemiah Jefferson, Ryan Jorgensen, Dave Land, Freddye Lins, Dave Marshall, Katie Moody, Samantha Robertson, Philip Simon, Patrick Thorpe • **Production and Design:** Tina Alessi, Amy Arendts, Scott Cook, Matt Dryer, Josh Elliott, Judi Gilligan, Casey Goodwin, Krystal Hennes, Ryan Hill, Chris Horn, Jason Hvam, Dan Jackson, Aren Kittilsen, Troy Look, David Nestelle, Tony Ong, Rich Powers, Stephen Reichert, Jason Rickerd, Vanessa Todd, Heidi Whitcomb, Keith Wood • **Marketing, Sales, and Licensing:** Cheyenne Allott, Jeremy Atkins, Mark Bernardi, Jacq Cohen, Aaron Colter, Michael Gombos, Amy Huey, Lance Kreiter, Nick McWhorter, Krystin Overstreet, Matt Parkinson, Jonathan Quesenberry, Sarah Robertson, Max Sato, Monique Sevy, Liby Waltemath, Erica Washburn, Tim Wiesch, Dirk Wood • **Internet and IT:** Mike Denning, Michael Hamilton, Tom Kishel, Gordon Morehouse, Donald Richardson, Warren Stevens, Miles Stokes, Sam Thompson • **Product Development:** Rachelle Callaway, Rebecca D'Madeiros, Chris Gaslin • **Business Development:** Thea Kuticka • **Operations:** Curt Bieker, Justin Desmond, Kevin Freeman, Mark Hansen, Keith Otterson, Stephen Pacios, June Piety, Bill Portus, John Puha, AJ Romanowski • **Accounting:** Kali Dugan, Kari Gjerde, Adam Jones, Raymond Leslie, Tara Rayburn, Kim Schettig, Cynthia Silver-Biggi, Kendra Sundberg • **Administration:** Teresa Gresham, Eric Wiler

MINUTEMEN
THE GOON
DARK HORSE COMICS
$2.99
#29
by Eric P
THE GOON
THOSE THAT IS DAMNED
by Eric Powell
THE GOON Volume 8:
THOSE THAT IS DAMNED
ON SALE
JULY 15, 2009
Look for other GOON masterpieces by the multiple Eisner Award-winning creator ERIC POWELL in a comic store near you
If you can't find one try the comic shop locator service
COMIC SHOP LOCATOR SERVICE
888-COMIC-BOOK
comicshoplocator.com
Support the comics industry
brought to you by Y2K: TheKid